A nobleman owns this fine estate; And when the robber he sees, Tis not very queer, He quakes with fear, And trembies a bit in the knees, He trembles in fear of his precious life, And scorce repressing a groun, "Good Turtar," says he, "Whatever you see Be pleased to reckon your own."

The Khan looked round in a leisurely way

As one who is puzzled to choose; When cocking his car, He chanced to hear The creak of feminine shoes! The Tartar smiled a villainons smile-When like a lily in bloom,

A lady fair With golden hair Come gliding into the room. The poblier stared with amorous eyes— Was ever so winning a face? And long he gazed, As one amazoit. To see such beauty and grace.

oment more and the lawless man Had setzed his struggling prey, Without remorse, And-taking horse-He bore the lady away,

'Now Heaven be praised!" the nobleman cried 'For many a morey to me! I bow me still But God pity that Tarter !" said he.

A BETTER COUNTRY.

A BETTER COUNTRY.

BY MARY HARTWELL.

JOE TRESTLE Was very drunk. Day passed over him, and night began to how a around, while he lay motionless as a mum ray on the low banks of Ramp Run, under a sycamore tree. All its leaves quivered with the storm's breath. The storm came roaring over hills, and tramping through woods; blotting out twilight and drenching the ground. It washed Joe Trestle as he had not been washed for years. Ramp

Imay pnenomena, He seems, in fine, to be a veritable automaton. He walks continually and howeres for us now!" but you may set your own price, "aid Napoleon. "Come, I am hungry, and haven't eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for my-self." repeated the grenadier; "beside all never speaking a word. When he en-wish the storm's breath. The storm came on her imagination.

"Oh! that ain't for nobody but religious folks, and they'se got to die on the square to get in, That's nowhere for me!"

"Well," said Napoleon, "come, I am hungry, and haven't eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for my-self." repeated the grenadier; "beside all never speaking a word. When he en-wish that, do you think I don't know you, in spite of your disguise?"

"Who am I, then?" inquired Napoleon. "What is a word, without giving the least in the Corporal, as they all call you. Am I right?"

"Well," said Napoleon. "I am hungry, and haven't eaten to-day."

"Hell you I haven't enough for my-welf and haven't eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough for my-welf and haven't eaten to-day."

"We and haven't eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough of my-welf and haven't eaten to-day."

"I tell you I haven't enough of my-welf and haven't eaten to-day."

"Who am I, then?" inquired Napoleon. "Start of somnambulism. He is absolutely without feeling. Pins may be stuck into his flesh without producing the s he had not been washed for years. Ramp Run rose to the storm as a willing child springs to its mother, we know the springs to her subject and her parent's ear, "that the better country's for the

Water, we know, is rum's foe to extermination. We'ver pursued rum through Joe Trestle's jaws, his boots, his skull. By continued dashes and shocks it brought him jack to the world. He would be seen to the world to religious me. But it comes on me to driph and driph it. him back to the world. He sat up in a broad glare, and saw the world as it were on fire. But instant darkness buried him. He heard the long, whistling sound of falling trees, the roar of air and water, and of this world, and what show is that for of this world, and what show is that for of this world, and what show is that for of this world, and what show is that for of this world, and what show is that for of this world, and what show is that for one?"

also, he thought, a child's crv.

Joe suspected that it might be the judgment; but, being a stolid fellow, he clutched the sand and made no remarks. If it sylvie laid out her sarope of only two is But he never expected to "feel prepared," like less soaked sinners. He vas altogether vile. There was no spot in him whereon character might be started, except a faint desire, hid and aching omewhere, to be better than he was. Joe had staggered past his best years. At this period he was willing to sell his ancestor's tombstones, his own ears, or even tin' in water?" his wife's chignon—if he had a wife—for a satisfactory drink. Boys patronized him on the streets, and played tricks on him, when he tucked himself up like a chrysalis under stairway or fence. People looked forward to Joe Trestle's making a morning item by getting ground under trains or frozen to the gutter over night, when he could at last be utilized by the community, and utilized thus: "See there, my son, Joe Trestle went to school with me he was a bright boy, and every one ex-pected he would make his mark. That is ll the mark Joe Trestle has ever made. What is the cause of this? Rum, my son; --drunkenness!"

When churches revived their zeal, and Christians began to polish their armor, all lenominations seized on Joe Trestle and tried to reform him. They voted at elections to license liquor-traffic; and at ordinary times this victim of it was too mean for their notice; but when they turned from business to religion, he was in de-He felt it, and took a sly pride in being lasseed from all the pulpits, exhort-ed and prayed over. They gave him money and old clothes, which he spent at saloon back doors. Thus they tried to inject through his veins a life which had

never touched him inwardly. Joe had married a wife, and beaten her with many stripes; when the poor thing could bear it no longer, she crept from his sight and died. The knowledge that he had a child, a daughter, somewhere, touched his brain; but as she never crossed his way, it was jostled aside by the more pressing affairs of his business-getting something to drink.

A young people's temperance society once took Joe in hand. He signed the pledge faithfully every week, and was sure o get out of the ditch to be reinstated at lodge. But even they, young and hope ful. gave him up. Joe Trestle was a wreck that could not be reconstructed. No religion nor respectability could reach him. He must go his own way, drink his where? Lord have mercy on Joe Tres-

It was a child's cry, human and reaching, so that it cut across the winds.

Joe stood up in the deluge. He didn't know just what to do, but bent on doing something for aid, he put both fists to his mouth and roared like a gorilla. Again the child's cry—"Oh! oh!"
"Where air ye?" hooted Joe.

But his voice, lacking the sharp tenor of colldbood, was drowned. Wandering near him, came the pitiful walling-"Oh Maybe the Banshee, what the Irish tell about, ' thought Joe, "or old Fox's ghost, what killed himself down in the crick hol-

The sky burst and spilt a broad, awful glare, in which Joe saw woods, and mud-dy expanses of waters, and shining earth. forming background for a little girl; who, as she thus saw him, put more terror and despair in her crying, and flew blindly against the bushes,

"Come yer!" hawled Joe, "I won't hurt ye! I'm nobody but Joe Trestle! Come yer and tell me what's the mat-Strangely, as soon as she heard his name

the child dropped her fears. She groped and called; Joe groped and called; till she got his hand, and stood with him under

Another flash revealed her a sad-faced child, with hair like rag-weed, and dress of pauper homespun. Her eyes were lifted to him. She must have seen he was bloated; unreliable, But her hand clutched his; she staid her faith and safety

"Was ye skeert?" yelled Joe.
"Yes, most to death. And I couldn't git acrost, and she said if I didn't git back

"What for? and did it skeer ye?"

EXCHANGE.

VOLUME II.

MILAN, GIBSON COUNTY, TENNESSEE, MARCH 4, 1875.

NUMBER 1.

"She said it was for sassin' her. She

"She said it was for sassin' her. She was tellin's man what my father was, and I said he was 't seither! And she—"
"What's your lather's name?"
"Joe Trestle."
Joe gulped a throat full of air.
"And she ketched me by the arm, and put me right in their hall. Oh, you don't know how awful 'tis! They're behind iron winders; but they look into the hall and yell and make faces, and grab like they'd tear yer to pieces! I got down in a corner, with my dress over my head, and said over and over to myself what granding Lane teached me."
"What is that?"

What is that?" "For we look for a better country!"
It's in a hig book she calls the Bible. It tells a heap of things, but she says that over the most. So, says I-' we look for a better country-a better country!' and it made me think of another kind of a

"What's your name?" asked Joe, trem-"Sylvie Trestle."
"Fur your father, ain't I?" put in Joe,

"Yes, I knowed it." storm was at full height. It was the autumnal equinox, and full of fury.
The little girl shivered. Joe crouched nearer, and felt for her shaggy head. He got it sgainst his shoulder, and cooed softly to hi-child.

"Do you he te me?"
"No," said Sylvie. "No." said Sylvie, "I like ye!" cud-dling her hands under his neck, thus reaching and wringing Joe Trestle's heart heart.

"And I've got a little girl! And that woman 'buses her! And I might be puttin' as good a house as any of 'em over her this minute, instead of bein' like a pig! There's nothin' and nowheres for nothing noth

it comes on me to drink, and drink I

gittin' into a better one?" Joe Trestle saw himself sneaking before Sylvie laid out her simple creed. It was a rope of only two strands: "We look wager."
for a better country through Him who

Sylvie! Don't you feel as if you was set-

"Yes,"—and with quick perception "it's the Run! it's over the banks!" "And we're hived here on the low side. with an arm of the stream 'twixt us and the bluff! I was so drunk I forgot! Lord, child, we're hemmed in by water! Sylvie began to cry fearingly; Joe fondled her and felt courageous. Holding hands they groped round the tree; such a current washed their ankles they dare not venture far. Lightning showed them said:

they were in the midst of a muddy sea, voice of which filled their ears. We've got to climb for't!" said Joe. It seemed hours before he got his little girl above the gathering wave, and hours again before his lax muscles dragged him after her. They sat on a sycamore limb, he gripping her to him, and watched the waves though flashes, like two refugees

from Noah's flood. "What is it about your better country ?" asked Joc. "We look for a better country!" It was a long night. His child was very heavy on his arm. They were both stupe-

fied with chills, and Joe was no wiser, no held on, and the strong desire to save his hild cleared the mists of drink away. "Wake up, girlie!" begged Joe of the

little one nestled under his wing; "'fraid this holler trunk is going to be swept off! Did ye say ye didn't like your good-for-"Liked him!" corrected Sylvie, cling-

ing feebly. "Lord bless my little 'un, and look at A twi-t-a crack! The run was flowing ike a mill-dam? These two were alone-far from help,

of the good God who keeps all His.
"What is't ag'n, girlie!" breathed Joe.
"We look for a better—" Then the world came to an end to these two; when breaking timber, cold, rapid water, bruising logs, confused their battling souls. Joe kept tight hold of his little He struck out for support, but

could not see-was whirled and blinded. It was not for long, though. For presently, still clasped to one other, they floated down stream, and into a better country !- Locke's National

A Horrible Affair.

One of the strangest and most horrible of sensational incidents took place the other day at Puteaux. A party of children who were playing in the environs discovered floating in the air, and partly entanded amid the branches of a tree, a white parcel, upborne by means of some twenty or thirty little red toy-balloons, which were attached to it. The attention of the t was brought down and the package which proved to contain the opened. orpse of a new-born infant. Investigation nto the matter brought to light the following facts. The child was that of a poor suddenly, and all the household goods and chattels had been scized for rent. The unhappy woman was driven mad by this actions the second state of written paper, in which she declared her intention of committing suicide, and said that she "had gotten her baby all ready were was its nose, and Billy said O, wen formed part of the dead husband's stock in trade.-Paris Letter.

"Well," said Napoleon, "since you know me, will you sell me a potato?" sensation, and violent electrical shocks sensation, and violent electrical shocks fail to move him in the least degree. This would have me come and dine with you would have me come and dine with you would have me come and dine with you state is not, however, that of entire unstate is not how the remark. when we get back to Paris, you may sup consciousness, as is shown by the remarkwith me to-night.' "Done !" said Napoleon ; "on the word he immediately seeks for ink and paper, of a Little Corporal—on the word of an and upon obtaining them writes a letter,

rest I'll cat myself."

The Emperor sat down and ate his potatoes, and then returned with Berthier to his tent, merely remarking.

At the dimer-tance young Guriey spoke tobacco from his pocket, rolls a cigarette, lights it with a match from his box, and when his mother asked him if he smokes it. If one extinguishes the match would have some butter gravy he an-

Two months afterward Napoleon the may be offered him already for a better country through Him who died for us. And though no unclean thing may enter there, He washes the unclean, making it fit to enter."

It penetrated Joe Trestle to the quick. And the deluge penetrated to his bones.

And the deluge penetrated to his bones.

"Seems to me we're gittin' swamped, Spleigl. Don't you feel as if you was test."

Two months afterward Napoleon the will allow his moustache to be burned without appearing to notice it; but will not take a lighted match which may be offered him already lighted. He will allow his moustache to be burned without appearing to notice it; but will not take a lighted match which may be offered him. If chopped lint be substituted for the tobacco contained in his pouch, he makes his cigarette of it and smokes it makes his cigarette of it and smokes it why, most noble lord, I had supposed the for averaging to notice it; but will not take a lighted match which may be offered him already lighted. He will allow his moustache to be burned without appearing to notice it; but will not take a lighted match which may be offered him already lighted. He will allow his moustache to be burned without appearing to notice it; but will not take a lighted match which may be offered him already lighted. He will allow his moustache to be burned without appearing to notice it; but will not take a lighted match which may be offered him already lighted. He will allow his moustache to be burned without appearing to notice it; but will not take a lighted match which may be offered him already lighted. He will allow his moustache to be burned without appearing to notice it; but will not take a lighted match which may be offered him already lighted. He will allow his moustache to be burned without appearing to notice it; but will not take a lighted match which may be offered him already lighted. He will allow his moustache to be treat without appearing to notice it; but will not take a lighted match which may be offered him already lighted. He will allow his moustache to be treat with

"Let him come in," said his Majesty. The soldier entered, presented arms, and said to the Emperor: "Do you remember once having supper with me off my roast potatoes?"

for this brave fellow." Again the grenadier presented arms, and "A grenadier of the Guards does not eat with lackeys. Your Majesty told me I case presents an interesting subject of inshould dine with you-that was the bar- vestigation for physicians and psycholo- that he must cancel her engagement until gain; and, trusting to your word, I have gists.

come hither." "True, true," said the Emperor; "lay a cover here near me. Lay aside your arms, mon ami, and draw up to the

Dinner over, the grenadier went at his usual pace, took up his carbine, and, turning to the Emperor, presented arms.
"A mere private," said he, "ought not to dine at the table of his Emperor,"
"Ah! I understand you," said Napol-

ronger than Sylvie. He had weakened of Honor, and Lieutenant in my company is flesh and softened his courage; but he of Guards." "Thank you, heartily," returned the soldier. "Vive l'Empereur!" he shouted,

and then withdrew. Little Johnny's Composition on Skating.

A man wich had all ways live were it s worm whether, he come North to see a frend, and his frend shode him a pair of was for, and wen he was tole they was for the feets, in the winter, he said he shude think they wude be cold. Then his frend said not if you want real feet and the cold. Then his frend said not if you want real feet and the cold. Then his frend said not if you want real feet and the cold. It may last for a time, but the same elements that overthrew the dynasty before must inevitably operate toward and culminate in the ultimate unbeared. said not if you went real fas, and the man People were housed and happy, in towns and farm-houses, sleeping under the wings said how cade any boddy walek fas with them sharp things on their feets, he wude like to no, and wen he was tole it was easy on ice he said this is a carryin a joke a little to far, do you think I'me a fool, you mite walck a little with em in gravyle, were to himself; his sorrowing and solicitude, they will will be to himself; his sorrowing and solicitude, are for Spain. I cannot give expression the emotion with which, probably for yude brake your neck in a minnit, you got to the emotion with which, probably for the last time, I shook the hand of this true

to a polly gise. I like sno bollin well enuf wen it is plade patriot and honest man, fair and dont hit me on the nose, wack, and I like to see slavs run over a dog and make him yel, and say hooray, and I wude like skatin if I cude stand up on em, and make like a 8, and not set down till I got done, but give me a worm day with a over-

cote and mufflers! Did you ever here about that feller wich was skatn were they was lots of fokes a skatn too, and his heels flue up, and he set down offel hard? Then he thot he wude sho he diddent care so he set stil and lit his pipe and tride to be funny like he had set own a purpus, but wen his pipe was out he cuddent git up, cos he was frose fas He tuke of his skats, but no use, he cudent git his feets under him, and ol the girls was a round him, a gigglin, and his wich was a big woman, she come up be hine him, and she said wot a shame, and she tuke him by the coller and puld as hard as ever she cude pul, but the fellers braces they broke, and he was dron out of his trowsers, so much for tryin to sho of! The feller he was one of them edditers toy maker and his wife; just after the con-finement of the latter the husband had died wich has been a steelin my stories and a amulation of mistortunes; she killed her wen it comes to makin a sno man Ime afant, and then went out and threw her- gude at that bisness, I can tel you, but no self into the river, leaving behind her a nose on him, cos it wudent stick. That to go up to heaven." A sadder tale with he comes out he leaves it to home, cos it a stranger termination it would be hard to wude git cole and pain him, but wen ever find. The toy-balloons had evidently he wants to blo it Johnny he gose and fetches it. Then my mother she only said wy, William! Thats a bout of wimmins can say wen they is flored. My mother is

how he had run a way his own self he shet . The Trials of a Young Tragedian.

The following anecdote of the first Napoleon was related by an Englishman, who was a considerable time in the French militery service, and who vouches for its authenticity:

The evening before the battle of Ulm, when Napoleon the First, in company with Marshal Berthier, was walking iscognic to the talk of his soldiers, he saw in a group and first off a grenadler of the Guard, who was reasting some potatoes in the ashes.

"I should like a roast potate above all things," said the Emperor to the Marshal:
"ask the owner of them if he will sell one."

In obedience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom the potatoes belonged. A grenadler stepped forward and said, "They are mine."

A few days ago young Gurley, whose father lives on Croganized at theatrical company and purchased the dime novel play of "Hamlet." The company consisted of three boys and a hostler, we will make a district of the said oysters, so she said was they as delicate flavour as the matifs, meanin the natify oysters. Then the matifs, to the face, like a beet root, and he said I am a stonish, Madam, at your question, I have often et ostriches in Affrica, and its true I was once compel by hunger to cat two or three of the matifs, but I cant imagin who tole you, nor wy you mention it. And then Mr.

"To be dience to the order, Berthier advanced to the group and asked to whom I the potatoes belonged. A grenadier stepped forward and said, "They are mine."

"Will you sell me one?" inquired Berthier.

"An Antomaton Man.

The trials of a Young Gurley, whose father lives on Croganized at the thetaic some pour house, and how at the thetain one had oysters, and how as a consider should an asked in the said oysters, as the matifs, unternity of the said oysters, and how as a chemical optical and houster, we then had an an atonish, and an authority of the said oysters, and how as a company and under the matifs, but I cant imagin who tole you, in the face, like a degrade me!"

"You trot out after that wood or I'll have your father trounce yo

cheese-knife on a piece of paper.
"Thy plebeian mind is dull of comprehension!" answered Gurley.
"Don't try to get off any of your non-

sense on me, or I'll crack your empty pate in a minute!" roared the grocer, and "Hamlet" had to come down from his high horse and ask for a peek of potatoes. "What made you so long?" asked his mother as he returned. "Thy grave shall be dug in the cypress clade!" he haughtily answered.
When his father came home at noon

able fact that if a pen is put into his hand Mrs. Gurley told him that she believed the boy was going crazy, and related what had occurred. "I see what ails him," mused the father; Emperor."

"Well and good," said the grenadier.

"Our potatoes ought to be done by this time; there are the two largest ones; the

his tent, merely remarking:

"The rogue is a good soldier, I'll other from his pocket and lights it as before, refusing absolutely to take one which wager."

"The rogue is a good soldier, I'll other from his pocket and lights it as before, refusing absolutely to take one which safeled with such nonsense."

When the meal was over the father went d was over the father went

> without appearing to notice the difference of taste. Among the experiments of Dr. "I'm not so far away but what I'm goof taste. Among the experiments of Dr. Mesnet upon this singular subject, is one which is particularly curious. He places in the hands of the man who, as has been said, had been a public singer, a pair of kid gloves. The man immediately puts was full of dancing feet, flying arms and moving hodies and then the old man took

member," said the Emperor; "and so you have come to dine with me, have you? Rustan, lay another cover on your table for this heave follow:"

Was full of dancing feet, nying arms and moving bodies, and then the old man took a rest and inquired:

"There, your highness, dost want any public performer and begins to sing. more?" "Oh! no, dad-not a darned When the crisis is passed, he becomes perfectly reasonable, but has not the slightest wailed the young "manager," and while recollection of what has occurred. The the father started for down-town he went

the fall season .- Detroit Free Press.

Castelar on the Future of Spain.

that I can sadly discern is that the political

Vespers in South America.

To the traveler in Spanish America, the striking of the vesper bell exercises a po-

tent charm. As the usage requires every

the tinkle of the Angelus, resembles the

hands, question seeks answer; conversa-

tions resume their course; horses feel

thus given to conversation are many.

During the recent extremely

ions, in separate row-boats, to fish

weather two fishermen of Canarsie, Long

Island, were frozen to death. They went

out late one afternoon, with two compan-

clams. The weather was bitterly cold,

and the boats became entangled in the ice.

one to hait, no matter where he may be,

The Care of the Feet. Castelar has been interviewed by a cor-espondent of the London News. Says the fered from almost constant and severe fered from almost constant and severe writer: I asked Senor Castelar if he were headache, though perfectly healthful othfree to speak of the probabilities of the future. "The future," said he, "is chaos. The political situation is deplorable—as bad as it can be. Carlism is impossible, that is one certain consolation. Alphoniation of the future of the probabilities of the future, said he, "is chaos." The political situation is deplorable—as bad as it can be. Carlism is impossible, that is one certain consolation. Alphoniation of the future, "State of the probabilities of the rewise, consulted a physician with respect to her malady. The first question asked by her physician was, "What do you wear on your feet?" For reply the patient put out her foot, incased in a thin cotton out her foot, inc that is one certain consolation. Alphon"I name you Chevalier of the Legion onor, and Lieutenant in my company mards."

Thank you, heartily," returned the Phank you, heartily," returned the er. "Vive l'Empereur!" he shouted, when the shouted, and public instruction. It blocks every means and public instruction. It blocks every means to be one of through the fact that she were no more clothing on her feet or the rest of her body in winter than she did in the hottest part of summer. "Do you saffer wheel of progress, Alphonsism means to be one of through the fact that she were no more clothing on her feet or the rest of her body in winter than she did in the hottest part of summer. "Do you saffer the progress, Alphonsism means the fact that she were no more clothing on her feet or the rest of her body in winter than she did in the hottest part of summer. "Do you saffer the progress, Alphonsism means the fact that she were no more clothing on her feet or the rest of her body in winter than she did in the hottest part of summer. "Do you saffer the progress, Alphonsism means the fact that she were no more clothing on her feet or the rest of her body in winter than she did in the hottest part of summer. "Do you saffer the progress, Alphonsism means the fact that she were no more clothing on her feet or the rest of her body in winter than she did in the hottest part of summer. "Do you saffer the progress, Alphonsism means the fact that she were no more clothing on her feet or the rest of her body in winter than she did in the hottest part of summer."

The fact that she were no more clothing on her feet or the rest of her body in winter than she did in the hottest part of summer. "Do you saffer the fact that she were no more clothing on her feet or the rest of the fact that she were no more clothing on her feet or the rest of the part of summer."

The fact that she were no more clothing on her feet or the rest of the fact that she were no more clothing on her feet or the rest of the properties. The fact that she were n wheel of progress. Alphonsism means from cold feet?" asked the physician. the dominance of priestcraft, the perpetuation of superstition, the willful maintenance of ignorance, the suppression of the ways cold." It ought to be needless to say that the prescription of this physician liberty of the press, freedom of thought, was woolen stockings, thick shoes, and a of instruction and of culture in our academies and universities, general darkness over the face of all the land. It may last covering of flannel over the entire person.

Nature herself in animals inferior to man indicates unmistakably that more clothing is needed in winter than in sum-The exceeding costliness of our mer. rarest furs is owing in a great messure to the fact that the animals from which they situation is 'spourantable.' There is no uncertainty in the unterances of Castelar, weather, since then their fur is heaviest weather, since the their fur is heaviest. as there certainly was no bitterness of per-sonal feeling. He has no arriere pensee as to himself; his sorrowing and solicitude, we should do. And we follow their example in the main, as to our heads, by piling all the hair on them that we can conveniently carry; as to our chests by covering them warmly with beaver or astrachan or seal-skin, as to our hands by encasing them in muffs; but the feet, if we wear stockings thick enough to keep them warm, and shoes large enough to cover the stockings and heavy enough to keep out cold and damp, why then they at the first stroke of the bell, to interrupt his conversation, however important, and listen without stirring until the conclusion of the chime, the singularity of a

sion of the chime, the singularity of a whole population surprised in a moment, as it comes and goes, held in a state of petrifaction, and paralyzed as if by an encounter, may be imagined. On every side you see gestures interrupted, mouths half you see gestures interrupted, mouths half opened for the arrested remark, smiles lingering or passing into an expression of was the street wear for ladies twenty years was the street wear for ladies twenty years prayer; you would fancy them a nation of statues. A town in South America, at now pebble goat; so we have reason to now pebble goat; so we have reason to hope that the time is not far distant when

hardly has the vibration ceased when a they dressed their feet for the street as universal murmur arises from these thou- most women do? What health would sands of oppressed lungs. Hands meet hands, question seeks answer; conversawear such thick soles, they're so heavy the loosened bridle and paw the ground; dogs bark, babies cry, the fathers sing, the mothers chatter. The accidental turns thus given to conversation are many. wonder that we feel so miserable and have such wretched health,-N. Y. Tribune.

To take a hearty meal just before retiring is, of course, injurious, because it is very likely to disturb one's rest, and produce nightmare. However, a little food at this time, if one is hungry, is decidedly

A Mardi-Gras Incident.

The Louisville Courier-Journal tells this: The Mardi gras procession on Tuesday months ago a native of Hungary, a recent was witnessed by large crowds, and the arrival in Omaha, entered the clothingludierous impersonations of character will store of M. Hellman & Co., and introduced live long is the memories of the masses, who laughed until their sides ached. Among the motley host who perambulated "I have only five," said the greatest and that's hardy sought form use to standing a little to will be late German var received. a guarantee will be word to be soft war on the stone of the stone, and do loude that provides the received will be some of the stone of the stone, and the late of the stone, and the stone will be stone of the stone the streets in the procession was a long, produced several small gardening implecadaverous-looking fellow, representing a ments. Mr. Kahn endeavored to obtain Comanche Indian. His face was painted work for him. taking him to Mr. Kountze, red, his suit was well made up. Upon his the banker, and others, but without suc-

The procession passed within a square or two of Skinner's house. Skinner has a feathered pillow, the case being of blue wife, and she is the mother of five little silk, of the finest texture, and over this wife, and she is the mother of five little male and four female Skinners. Skinner's wife does her own work; in fact, she's "boss" of Skinner's house, and, instead of her rushing off with a string of little Skinners after her to see the procession, she kept the little ones at home, and stayed hinself as a gardener, and had been constituted by the little ones at home, and stayed hinself as a gardener, and had been constituted by the little ones at home, and stayed hinself as a gardener, and had been constituted by the little ones at home, and stayed hinself as a gardener, and had been constituted by the little ones at home, and stayed hinself as a gardener, and over this was a slip, of linen, almost as fine as silk, of the finest texture, and over this was a slip, of linen, almost as fine as silk, beating worked upon it a monogram and a the time had his curiosity aroused.

go home and scare Mrs. Skinner and all upon, must have a history which was the little Skinners. He cut loose from the worth learning. So thought Wexler, and procession, took another dose of "fire he accordingly began questioning him, and water," and by the time he reached his finally succeeded in drawing from him his water," and by the time he reached his front gate, he was the most reckless-looking Comanche the world ever beheld. Picking up new courage he rushed into the front room where the little Skinners were "playing circus." His appearance was accompanied by wild yells and fazey dancing, while he made that tomahawk fly around the room over the children's heads as if he meant business, the little Skinners shouting, "O! Mr. Injin, don't!" "moth-

iron skillet. She slipped up behind the 'playful Indian," drew a bead on his nose, Count Szirmay is about thirty years o and landed that skillet with the force of a sledge-hammer and the rapidity of light-and Italian, and a little English; is a thorning against it. The hand let go the tomahawk, the feathers flew, the belt ted for the medical profession. oursted, and the scalps, pistols, and knives fell to the floor. There was a flesh-and blood spot in the middle of his face where that nose was a moment before the skillet the King, who had an extended conversamashed it. It now looked like a bursted tion with him during a lengthy prometomato spread all over his face. There nade. was a groan, a fall, a somersault or two,

and all was quiet. That Comanche had ly thrown up his dish-washing contract, found the "happy hunting grounds," Instead of Mrs. Skinner sending for the loctor and bathing his face, she looked come of \$110,000 from landed down into his mutilated face, and, shaking but to remain in America. Having once the skillet over him with her right hand, exclaimed: "I'll war-whoop you. You thought you'd scare somebody, you derned old fool; but I know'd you, soon his mind never to betray a weakness by as I seed your feet, and smelt your

breath. P.S.—Skinner has an Indian masque rade suit for sale cheap. He won't be able to be out until he gets done breathing through his ears. The doctor says his nose may grow out again by the time the next Mardi Gras takes place. We advise Skinner to get a brass nose and "go

Black Beetles. Most insecks dont git very famous excep may be among their selfs, but b'ack beetles is in every boddy's mouths. My father he says they are in vested with a peculiar intress on a count of their domessic habits. I spose he means they git in the cubberd. One day he was to lunchen, and Uncle Ned he said wy, wen did you come in, we are of glad to see you; Missy, wy diddent you lay a plate for him? We of lockt at Uncle Ned, but he diddent say any more, and went on eatin, but Missy began to say wot did he mean, wen he spoke up agin, and said if we had knew you was a comin, Missy wude a had more cole mutton cooked, but may be you dont like mutton, try a bit of the bread. Then I said who was he a tockin to, and my father said Edward. you must let me interup you to say there is a comftable sylum at Bloomingdale, and if I was you ide take the first train, but Uncle Ned he didden seem to hear, but kep on eatin, and my sister begun to look like she was a goin to cry, like she all ways does, the silly puss. Then Uncle Ned he said never mine, Missy, praps heel come agin a other time, wen you have got a chicken or a crab salid, or some thing nice. And wile he was a sayin so it was a black | ying choyse, beetle, and it come out from under the crewet stand, and lookt ol a round like sayin this is a nice famly party, but some how I like black beetles best; wich is the nearest way to the kitchen? Then we ol laft excep my sister, wich had lain the ta-ble, but of course wen you are a laffing con dont have much appetight. Black beeties is some times call cockpaches, but wots the use of two names for one nuisance is wot I won to kno, tho city in the "Arabian Nights," whose inhabitants are turned into stones. The magician there is the bell-ringer; but the pioneers in these innovations will dare to be seen in calk-skin.

What kind of health would men have if the pioneers in the pioneers in these innovations will dare to be seen in calk-skin.

What kind of health would men have if

Execution of an Innocent Girl. The French Minister of Justice has just

eceived a report of a very sad and extra-rdinary affair, which is not unlikely to create some sensation. Thirty years ago a young girl named Marie Guernic was found poisoned in her bed. She had been betrothed a short time before to a young man, with whom her younger sister Mad-eline was said to be desperately in love. The poor girl was at once arrested, tried, and finally condemned to death, which ske suffered calmly and valiantly, without uttering a word of complaint or of justifi-cation. Every body felt the greatest sympathy for the poor old father of the two girls, who was giving signs of the most violent grief. He had come into posses-

The Noble Omaha Dish-washer. The Omaha Bee tells this: About five months ago a native of Hungary, a recent himself to Mr. Kahn, a manber of the house, as a gardener, in search of employment, and as evidence of his occupation he ments. Mr. Kahn endeavored to obtain

"Bloody Nose" sure enough, for its Bloody Nose is the came to Mr. Wexter in the sure of the articles, offered to sell him some of the articles, offered to sell in the kitchen attending to cleaning the tent to earn an honest livelihood as a dishpots, kettles, and pans after dinner. washer, and who was now disposing of a A new idea struck Skinner. He would pillow and bed fit for a king to repose washer, and who was now disposing of a shouting, "O! Mr. Injin, don't!" "mother!" "murder!" "fire!" and there were such screams as would have made any "sure enough" Indian run.

Skinner was just in the middle of his fun, when the screams of the children and the war-whoops of the Comanche brought Mrs. Skinner to the scene, armed with an iron skillet. She slipped up behind the lak coat of arms.

He was present at the reception of King

Count Szirmay, although having recentdoes not propose to return to Europe, where he has a brother receiving an inreturning and again bending the knee to royalty. He will remain in Omaha till about the 25th, when he is going to St. Louis, and from there to New Orleans, with a view of practising medicine in the

Crescent City.

A Chinese Revival Meeting. mento Record, was a meeting gotten up It is a chemical process, to be sure, but by Wah Loy, a converted Chinaman. It nature will be a good manipulator of it. by Wah Loy, a converted Chinaman. It mature will be a good manipulator of it.

Was held at the corner of I and Third The chemistry of the thing consists simply Streets. Wah Loy managed at half-past 1 o'clock to get together some 200 of his countrymen. He had about him six Chinese who have been Christianized. These were and more rapidly in the summer. provided with singing books, while on a process may be accelerated by keeping blank wall were hung a number of slips of cider in a warm room, and made more white cloth, on which various songs were rapid still by trickling the cider through stenciled. Loy stood in front of these and a hogshead or large cylinder perforated with a long wooden pointer pointed out the words, emphasizing the syllables and the music at the same time. The singing of the Chinamen was creditable, better yeast added to the cider gives it a good than we had any reason to expect. Early in the evening a number of ladies came up and aided in the singing, and subsequently the 50 or 60 white men in the crowd joines. in the choruses. After considerable sing-ing, Rev. Mr. Hough addressed the Chi-and place them in a sunny place, nailing nese assembled, Way Loy interpreting

sentence by sentence. "How loy sing chowing Jesus see you serted by thievish bipeds. labor and are heavy laden, and I will give

"Say lung yet che choy ching buy sat che quoy long-ng, onlying yah wong yet long time," said one of the old Grecian "You are all seeking for happiness, but

you are not happy." "Ling ty se ung you moy chawing sing gek set yeng.' You seek for happiness, but do not "Ayng how u sing chong lee set sing

coy ung gee."
"Jesus shows us the way to true happi-"Ying low musing leying toy

can be sifted out by the nearest Chinese adding the "mother of vinegar" from an laundryman, our report being special and accurate and in the purest tone of the po-etical tongue of the flowery kingdom.

old vinegar barrel. This "mother" is a fungus growth on old vinegar and will doubtless hasten the acetous fermentations Wah Loy now took the stand and preached to the Chinese for twenty minseeds of decay, but it is very apt to contain utes, in which appeared to be an earnest also bad flavors and too much corruption. and eloquent manner, if eloquence has a Putting "mother" with new cider is too place in Chinese culture.

More singing followed, and Mr. Hammond having meanwhile arrived, was placed in a buggy, and Wah Loy mounting beside him the Evapoulist preached ing beside him, the Evangelist preached ic influence. o the Chinamen, the interpreter, sentence by sentence, translating for him. The Chinese gave good attention, and nearly

all wore smiling faces. It was a great curiosity to them. Said one: "All same Melic man, Chinee hab big meet, all same in street. Bully."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

The advertisement of a certain stone cutter reads: "Those who buy tomb-stones from us look with pride and satis-faction upon the graves of their friends." A Chicago preacher has locked himself up in the fourth story and draws his meals up by a bed cord. He says they can't get up no slander about him.

It is wonderful what an amount of struggling and red facedness will be gone through with by a person wrestling into a new pair of shoes "a size too large." A Carno man warns people not to trust his wife, and she retorts by saying that he'll go without clothes all summer be-fore she'll take in washing to rig him out

"Has that cookery-book any pictures?" said Miss C— to a bookseller. "No, miss, none," was the answer. "Why." exclaimed the young lady, "what is the use of telling us how to make a good din-

ner, if they give us no plates?" "I swear," said a gentleman to his mistress, "you are very handsome."
"Pooh!" said the lady, "so you would say if you did not think so." "And so you would think," answered be, "though I

should not say so." "Why, you rascal," said Dr. Radeliffe, the great physician, to a pavlor who dunned him, "do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why, you have

Decker Young and Lucy Decker Young are cousins of Charlie Decker's children. But the latter are grandchildren of the former's father, and consequently nephews and nieces of their own cousins. But the nephews of a cousin—blood relationship holding—are second cousins; hence Decker's children must hold that relationship toward each other. Decker's wives are half sisters to the children of their own sisters-in-law, they are sisters-in-law to sisters-in-law, they are sisters-in-law to their own father, and aunts to their own half-sisters. Now, if the relationship were half-blood throughout, the canons of descent—at least in Indiana—would exclude them; but, as it doubles on both sides, they would probably be included. Hence the two Mrs. Deckers are (in law) their own aunts, while Clara D. and Lucy D. Young are legal grandmothers to their nicees, and the two sets of children are the deceased wife is half sister to the other children, legal grandmother to one stepmother, legal half-sister to the other, and consequently aunt-in-law to herself. If they keep on as they have begun, they will eventually produce a boy who will be his own grandfather.

Bishop Samuel Smith, of Brigham City,

has six wives; the first two no relation to him; the next two his cousins, and the last two his nieces, daughters of his own brother! Thus he is father and second cousin to two of his families, and father The chiland grand-uncle to two more. dren of his first four wives are full cousins to his last two wives, and haif-brother and sister, as well as second cousins to those vives' children. The further relation is difficult to trace. Let the puzzle solvers shove their teeth into it. There are many other cases even more intricate, Still elo quent orators in Congress, and fluent writers for the Eastern press, maintain that the saints of Utah are an uncommon nice lot. Well, I don't quarrel with their taste, but then, you know people will talk.

Making Vinegar.

A correspondent of the Chautauqua (N. Y.) Farmer, starting with the premises that to make good vinegar you must have good pure cider, and see to it that the barrel into which it is to be put is entirely free from taint, proceeds with the process of making as follows:

Cider once properly made and put into sweet, fresh barrels, the balance of the process in vinegar making is no trick at all.

start on its fermenting course. Our custom is to await the slow pro cess of nature, and to admit air to the cider only through the bunghole. In the sumsome wire gauze over the entence by sentence.
"When Jesus was here in the world—" keep out flies and straws.
have known the latter to be This process makes vinegar slowly but surely; but we "He said, 'Come unto me, all ye that are inclued to think the result is a better article than by a more rapid manufacture. Things hastily made are apt to be poorly artists. This mode of making vinegar requires about twelve months. clder will some times go through the vinous and acetous fermentations the same fall, but it forms a poor article, and we prefer to wait till the latter part of October or the first of November before we start

the cider-mill for the supply of the vinegar cellar. Beware of all nostrums in the manufacture of vinegar. The simple, unadulterated juice of ripe apples-if small and knotty, no matter-makes the best flavor-In this manner the exhortation proceeded. The Chinese above given, if thoroughly intelligible to the civilized reader, tions are a damage. Some recommend

The New Society Bow.

A Heres Story.

A Here S Another kink is in the bow, which is